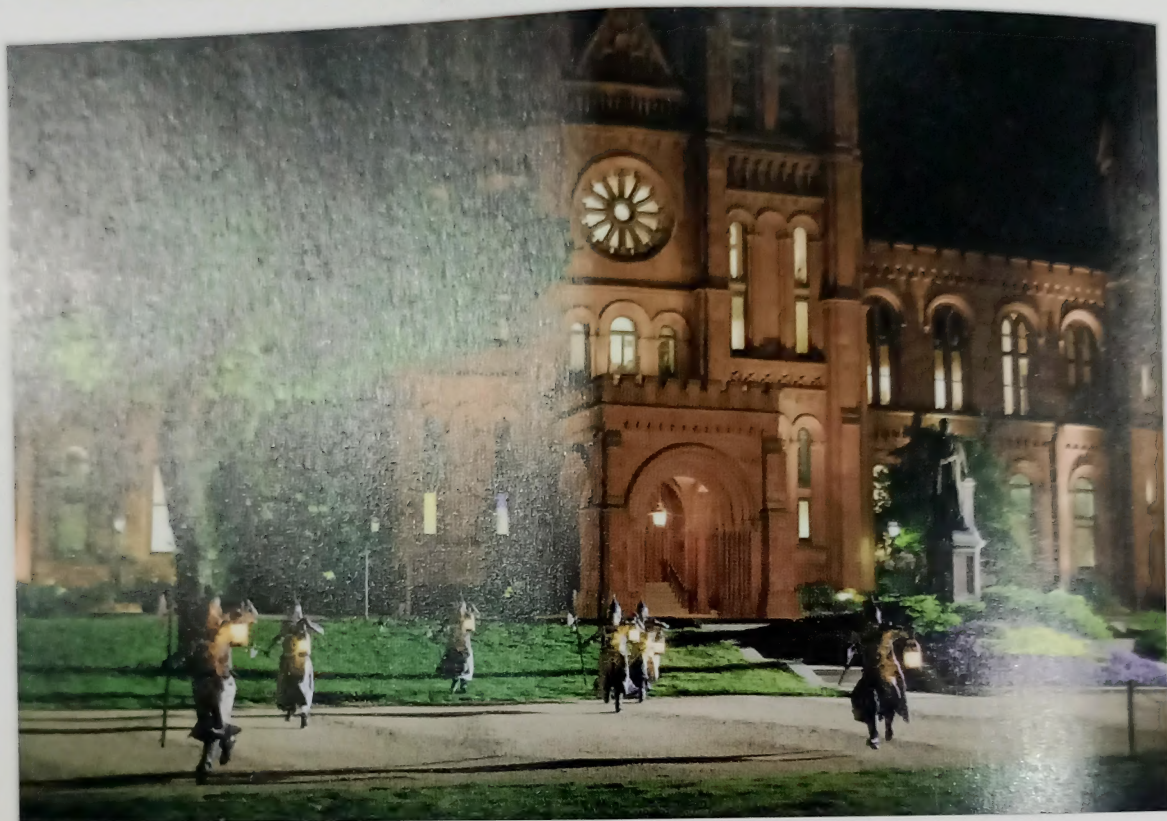


## CHAPTER 5

### A great escape



Larry and Amelia were running across the grass towards the Air and Space Museum when they saw Ivan's men. The men were coming towards them.

'Quick! Let's hide over here!' Larry pointed to a very large statue of Abraham Lincoln. He was sitting in a chair. Larry and Amelia hid under the chair.

'Do you like being a night guard?' Amelia asked.

Larry laughed. 'I'm not a guard now,' he said. 'I have my own business. I make things.'

'Oh?' Amelia was interested. 'Like planes and boats?'

'Not exactly.' Larry showed her his torch. 'I make things like this.' Then he looked at his watch. 'I've got a really big meeting in four hours.'

'Do you enjoy your new job?' Amelia asked.

'Yeah, it's really exciting,' said Larry. But he didn't sound very excited.



Suddenly there was a loud noise and the park seemed to move under their feet. They looked up. Abraham Lincoln was trying to stand up!

'No, Mr President! No!' shouted Larry. 'Don't get up! You'll frighten everyone!'

The president looked down at Larry. 'Ask nicely, little man.'

'Please, Mr President. Please sit down again!' asked Amelia very nicely.

The president turned slowly to look at her. 'I am doing this for you,' he said, and sat down heavily on his chair again.

Ivan's men were leaving the park. Abraham Lincoln watched them. 'I can see you have many problems,' he said to Larry and Amelia. 'There will be a big battle ahead. But remember – good will always win!'

\* \* \*

The Air and Space Museum was very noisy and there were clouds of black smoke everywhere. The airmen were all starting their planes.

'Oh no!' shouted Larry. 'They mustn't fly!'

A voice came over a speaker. 'OK, Washington, you are clear. Ten – nine – eight – seven – six – five ...' Larry ran to a news desk and shouted into the radio.

'No! Stop! The weather is too bad. It's too cloudy. It's too dangerous to fly today!' Luckily everyone believed him and stopped their planes.

'Well done!' smiled Amelia as they went into the shop. 'Now we can save your friends.' But then they stopped. All the Einsteins were gone!

\* \* \*



Napoleon and Ivan the Terrible were looking through the window. 'There they are!' cried Napoleon. He could see Larry and Amelia in the Air and Space Museum. 'They are trying to escape with the tablet!'



'Bring them to me!' ordered Kahmunrah. 'Now!' Al Capone had a big smile on his face. 'Is it the killing time?' he asked softly.



'Yes, Mr Capone!' said the pharaoh with cold eyes. 'It's the killing time!'

The three men left the room. Inside the box the exhibits were listening.

'They've gone!' said General Custer. His eyes shone again. 'Listen! We'll do it differently. I'll shout "Don't fire!". How about that?'

But no one answered.

\* \* \*

'The Einsteins are there!' Amelia pointed to the information desk. She was right. About ten very small Einsteins were sitting on the desk. They were happily writing numbers on pieces of paper and talking about clever things.

'Mr Einstein?' said Amelia. They all looked up. She showed them the tablet. 'We need your help. Can you read this Egyptian writing?'

'Sure,' said one. 'It says you have to find the number in the home of the dead pharaohs.'

'What does that mean?'

Another Einstein laughed. 'Easy! Home of the dead – that's the Pyramids\*. And the number is ...'

'Pi!' Amelia jumped excitedly. 'It's 3.14.'

'3.14159265 – to be exact,' said another Einstein. 'The Egyptians knew all about pi.'

'Brilliant!' said Larry. He looked at his watch. 'Now we've got seven minutes to save Jed!'

'We make a good team, don't we?' Amelia smiled. Her face was a little red.

Larry looked at her. 'You're one of the coolest women

\* The 'Pyramids' are buildings in Egypt. The bodies of dead pharaohs are inside.



I've ever met. You're also very beautiful. But, believe me, you and me ... there are too many problems,' he said sadly.

'It's OK.' Amelia was still smiling. 'Hurry! Now we have only six minutes left. Let's take a plane. It will be quicker than running!' She saw Larry's face. He wasn't happy. 'You're scared, aren't you?' she said. 'You don't want to fly!'

'Look ... I know you fly really well,' he said uncertainly. 'But ... you're famous for getting lost!'

'Me?' Amelia was surprised. 'You're the one who gets lost! Come on!'

Just then, there was a loud buzz and the lift doors opened. It was Ivan, Napoleon, Al Capone and their men. They hurried into the museum.





Suddenly the room was full of soldiers. Al Capone saw Larry and pointed his gun at him. 'Bang! Bang!' he shouted. Luckily his gun wasn't real.

'What are you doing?' asked Napoleon.

'I'm killing them!' shouted Al Capone. He jumped up and down. 'This is the way we do it! Bang! Bang!'

Napoleon looked at Ivan. They moved quickly towards Larry and Amelia.

'We've got no choice. Come on!' shouted Amelia. She pulled Larry towards the nearest plane. Larry couldn't believe it. It was the oldest plane in the room.

'That's the Wright Flyer from 1903,' he said. 'We can't fly in that!'

The soldiers were coming closer. But the airmen ran and stood between them and the plane.

'Do you want to wait for them? Get in!' said Amelia.



Amelia pushed Larry into the plane and started the motor. WHOOSH! The plane lifted off the floor. Larry's face was white. Everything was going up and down and round and round. He didn't feel very well. Below them the airmen and the soldiers were fighting and in front ... there was a wall!

'Open the doors!' he shouted to the airmen below. Luckily they heard him and the plane flew out into the night sky.